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Lamprorelian



Christmas Issue
1939



In memory of
W. Harry Huston,
youngest member
of the Class of
1934

THE LAWRENCIAN

DECEMBER, 1939

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"Sweet Peace! shall ne'er again
The smile of thy most holy face,
From thine ethereal dwelling place,
Rejoice the wretched, weary race
Of discord-breathing men?"

* * * *

"For much we long to see,
Ere we shall to the grave descend,
Thy hand its blessed branch extend,
And to the world's remotest
Wave Love and Harmony!"

William Tennant

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Notes From The Chimney Corner

THE good Christmas spirit is around again, friends, bringing with it the happy old illusion of man's goodwill toward man, which will ring through the air with the sleigh-bells until January 1. This year it faces heavy odds, but rest assured it will come out on top, for its brief moment. In Europe it will probably arrive much the same as on those beautiful Christmases 1914-17. We suspect that when the twenty-fifth dawns, the Belligerents will lay down their arms and for a day it will be hands across the Rhine, while the soldiers stuff themselves with their cubic inch of plum pudding, half stein of beer, and a pretzel. Then, when the twenty-sixth comes around, they will once more take up their binoculars.

To us personally, it has always been a more homely illusion. Visions of the village cloaked in snow and the carolers singing, the morning bright with children's voices and the tree piled high with the fruits of St. Nicholas, and in the afternoon, ourselves, smelling slightly of pine and ribbon candy, settling with a book before the merry fireplace. The Day rolls up, and there's a steady drizzle outside; we have seven kinds of the common cold; and through bleary eyes and gasping breath we are forced to open package after package of socks with a smile. It's no wonder the post-season is the happiest, when one may call a spade a spade, and exchange the superfluous stock for something needed.

* * *

IT was not without a twinge of sadness that we learned the other day of the passing of a familiar sight from the Falmouth byways, an old friend who could often be seen making his merry way up and down Main street, stopping here and there, and always with that nonchalant air of the wholly carefree, —to wit, Miss Arenovski's horseless carriage. This rattletrap, we learn, has served long and well (we couldn't set the vintage, but after extensive research we determined the make to be one of

Mr. Ford's), and probably deserves a retirement, but traffic will never be the same, the town will lose a bit of its antique flavor for us. A movement is in the wind to buy the car and restore it to its old glory; we'll go halves with anybody providing a garage, and in fact have already set aside our seventy-five cents.

* * *

ONE of Miss Allen's French classes the other day had finished going over the homework assignment and there was plenty of time left, so she gave them a little something to be writing. Everybody settled down calmly to work; the air became that of concentration and quiet. Then some one stuck his foot through the ceiling. Miss Allen was almost conked one by the resultant avalanche of rubbish and plaster, and the whole group remained unnerved while the intruding leg swung dubiously in the air and it looked as though there might be more to come. But after a few twistings, the leg disappeared and the little drama was over, all but sweeping the floor. Besides its news value, this incident may serve as an object lesson to someone: if you happen to clean *your* attic sometime, those thin floor-boards with the cement-like stuff oozing up through, those hold up a ceiling and aren't made for walking on. Mice but not men.

* * *

ODDS and ends: The best-selling candy among the undergraduates is lollipops. The Girls' Athletic Club announce to come and show off your Christmas presents at the Old Year Dance. This of course excludes your Buck Rogers's Disintegrator Rays and Dick Tracy sawed-offs. Incidental to a physics lesson, Mr. Ballard told of a problem a professor at Clark asked: "How can one find the height of a building with an aneroid barometer?" One bright student answered: "Tie a string on it and lower it from the roof."

THAT unexpected fire-drill in the middle of a lecture we were having brought up vividly a question that has lain dormant in the back of our minds for some time now. Supposing there should be a real fire and the building should burn down flat to the ground, what would be lost, other than things of monetary value? The type-writers upstairs could be replaced for about two thousand dollars; the candy in the closet for a couple more; the bank would be glad to donate some other calendars; and the Roll of Honor, being heat-resisting, could be picked out of the embers and tacked up anew. But what of such things as, just for a starter, the bell? The new high school could never tolerate the ancient toller among all its modern conveniences and precision, unless as a curiosity in a glass case. Beethoven, who has glowered across the main room at Euterpe since she was placed there in 1906, would certainly crumble to ashes in the holocaust; who has glanced at him and walked away with easy conscience? In fact, the new generations would have a wholly different outlook on life. They might still be called Lawrencians, but they'd have nothing else in common with us; the old traditions would be forgotten. Never again could playful undergraduates stuff scraps of paper in the stony mouths of the Indians in the hallway, nor have to suppress a laugh when teachers tear into study hall and almost break a hand trying to ring the desk-bell for quiet, nor knock off the book-guard getting paper. No more would Muzzy be effused by Mr. Craig. The shining blackboards we've grown to love would be left where they fell and probably frosted green-glass ones put in use. And these are obviously only a few of the factors that go toward the moulding of the L. H. S. student; the list might go on and on.

You may make what you want out of this; you may find an underlying moral, a thought for the day. It scares us just to think about it.



Peace Or War?

Shirley Landers, '41

On some forgotten battleground
Where crosses stand, gray and forlorn,
Each marking some dead soldier's mound,
Death comes to mock the men we mourn.

The "War to end all War" they said,
When they for right and freedom fought.
And now we mourn our "World War Dead,"
Who gave their lives for the peace they sought.

Once more on this grim battleground,
Will death and suffering reign?
Shall we hear again the dreaded sound
Of cannon's roar and moan of pain?

Or will two shrouded figures fight,
A silent battle, hand to hand—
Death for War, and Peace for Right,
And Peace victorious rule the land?

The American Way

Betty Davis, Editor

F RITZ arises in the morning to spend his day under the guiding hand of a dictator—his centralized school system, if there is a school, studies, teachers, and even his speech, are controlled by this dictator. In the afternoon, he must participate in the compulsory military drills of his country, and, if the need arises, he must hasten to arms without daring to question the justification of the cause. His clothes, even his meals are strictly rationed; and at night he must remain at home during the "black-outs." At the mere mention of the word, "dictator," he hastily casts a glance over his shoulder and lowers his voice for fear of lurking accomplices to the dictator. There is a tense feeling of horror and unrest clearly expressed on his brow, and he is losing his youth in the struggle to survive in a war-torn country. Such domination prevents Fritz from expressing his own ideas, and his suppressed emotions surge tormentingly in his breast.

John arises in the morning, full of anticipation for the coming hours. At the public school, he joins in a debate, in which he freely and frankly criticizes his government. He can

choose his own studies, and his teachers are his friends and confidants. John battles on the gridiron in the afternoon, and in the evening, he is free to go to parties, dances, and other entertainments. There are no such "must's" in his life—he lives in a democratic land of freedom for individuals to develop original thoughts and ideas.

What a sharp contrast! John is brought up to respect and idealize a leader; Fritz is reared automatically to obey and fear a dictator. Which to you is the more appealing life? Doesn't John's life inevitably lead him to be a better citizen? He is learning while young to appreciate the common things of his life—a democratic form of government; freedom of thought, speech, and press; equality; religious freedom; and peace. He no longer takes them for granted. Through his knowledge of Fritz's monotonous, hectic, and unsettled days, he has learned to be proud of the AMERICAN WAY, and to appreciate what it means to look forward to full benefits of American citizenship in a land of Justice, Equality, Liberty, and Peace.

Propaganda

Milford Hatch, '40

TODAY we are in what may be called the Golden Age of propaganda. This Golden Age has taken control of the channels and sources of opinion and their systematic exploitation for state or class ends. Skill in propaganda has become an important factor in gaining power in modern states. Unfortunately this skill in propaganda is available to anyone who can pay for it.

Today, then, it becomes necessary for every individual to be able to recognize propaganda, to be able to protect himself from that which may be harmful and to recognize that which may be good. To these ends, this article is dedicated.

Propaganda has been defined by the Institute for Propaganda Analysis as "an expression of opinion or action by individuals or groups deliberately designed to influence opinions or actions of other individuals or groups with reference to predetermined ends." This definition applies to any conflict in which men attempt to win supporters to their views.

Out of the mass of news, editorials, sales talks, advertising and political persuasion coming to us through cinema, newspaper, and radio, we can choose numerous examples of propaganda.

Last summer's visitors to the New York World's Fair saw soldiers, sailors, and marines in handsome uniforms stage the marches and formations typical of a parade ground. Autumn horse shows have featured batteries of horse-drawn artillery or special troops of cavalry. Newsreels and magazines picture officers as glamorous figures covered with gold braid.

These exterior decorations and these handsome military horses assume little importance in real warfare. What, then, is their purpose?

The obvious answer is that gaudy peace-time uniforms, horses, and other trappings of war are intended to advertise the army, not to win battles.

All foreign countries have, in the present crisis, established propaganda bureaus which regulate and censor all outgoing news. Thus we are receiving the news in the form which puts them in the best light possible. Accounts of military and naval activities are highly contradictory, each side claiming few losses and many gains. As for motives, each belligerent nation maintains it is fighting for freedom from the oppression of the other.

In order for the American people, the people of the largest neutral in the world, to remain unbiased and unentangled in home as well as foreign affairs, they must formulate some sort of a plan to combat this insidious foe—propaganda. The Institute for Propaganda Analysis has listed five defenses which are particularly appropriate:

1. Examine all names and labels applied to groups to see whether they have any justification in fact. Examples of such names are Hun, imperialist, etc.

2. Determine exact meaning of "virtue words" (freedom, democracy, etc) and ask whether they accurately describe the cause to which they are applied.

3. Inquire into the motives of a respected person supporting a cause to learn whether he is sincere or biased.

4. Don't jump at conclusions; wait for full revealing of facts; balance opposing claims against each other.

5. Don't be swept away by emotion; examine all arguments before deciding which one is right.

A Common Soldier

Lyle Long, '42

THIS is a story of any ordinary soldier, regardless of race, creed, or color. Furthermore, since this is a story about any common soldier, a name is not necessary. But as a means of identification we shall call him Jones. His name might just as well be Fritzburgen, or Raphael, or Crispin, or Grodyski, but Jones is enough for our purpose, so we shall proceed with the story of a common soldier.

Jones joined the army six months ago; it was then that his life as a common soldier began. He was eager, and ready to display the glory that he had been told was a soldier's. He

cheered and whooped with the rest of them when he was told two months ago that war was declared. Now his life as a glorified, common soldier would begin.

A week ago Jones left for the front; one of the many common soldiers who went singing and marching down the street. The front! Glory! Ah, the life of a soldier!

Yesterday Jones went over the top with many other young soldiers; today . . . Jones is just one more cross out there in that field.

The life of a common soldier.



Gilding Rebels!

Robert Simmons, '40

TO a gentleman of red-blooded, action-loving calibre, who by some misguided quirk of fate sits day after day hidden away in a dusty little accounting office, comes sometimes a period when he must either give vent to this adventure-lust stirring inside him or else become a misanthrope, ranting from one end of the house to the other when the slightest thing goes askew, hating his neighbors openly, throwing bric-a-brac at the radio. In such a condition was Rodney Gilding. It was not new to him, every year he was at least once afflicted, but found that a concentrated diet of western tales and mystery novels sufficed to quench it; this year it wouldn't quench. Each new story inspired him anew, and his temper became such that even his wife, who was no slouch at temperament herself and normally delighted in harrying her five-foot husband, was worried for her safety and made plans for a quick departure if necessary.

One Tuesday morning Rodney came down to breakfast as usual, only instead of sitting down to a cup of coffee and spreading out the paper until the meal was served, he just stood-silently-behind his chair. His wife bade him good-morning and a few minutes later brought in a plate of bacon and eggs and another of hot muffins.

"Hadn't you better sit down and eat, dear?" she said. "It's getting late, you know." Then she laughed lightly, but it wasn't genuine.

"I don't want any breakfast," he said calmly, looking her straight in the eye. "And I'm not ill."

"But, Rodney,—all morning at the office—"

"I'm not going to the office." He pushed the chair aside and took a step nearer to her. "Today," he formed his words slowly and distinctly, "I am going to do something I have long wanted to do all of my life. I'm going to

stick up the National Bank!" He emphasized "stick" with a wave of his fist.

"RODNEY!"

Rodney threw out his tiny chest and glared at the now terrified woman. A thought struck him and he snatched up the paper. "Look—look here!" He pointed to the first page. "Byrd on way to Antarctic! Scientists to explore mystery isle!—and here,—Adventurers seek Northwest passage! ADVENTURE! That's what I want! Everybody has it," and he paused dramatically and lowered his voice; "everybody—but me."

His wife was now calmer; this was the old story, of course, and in a few minutes it would pass off as it always did. She wondered vaguely why she hadn't thought of that before; he was just a little more violent this time. But she kept at an easy distance from the door, just in case.

"Your breakfast is getting cold," she said firmly.

Rodney's little moustache quivered. "Oh no! You can't stop me now. I've sat around in that office long enough. Too long! And it's the same thing every day until, I tell you, Alice, the time has come when something has to break! And it's going to be the bank. I've thought it all out and that presents every element I want—afterwards I'll send the money back." He looked out the window. "This shall be my Great Adventure!"

So saying, he went into the living room, took his coat from a chair, and walked out the front door toward the trolley stop.

"Goodbye Alice," he said and his wife turned to her housework. He would be back before noon.

* * * * *

In what has been called by some the tougher part of the city, others preferring the superlative, the worst joint is Clancy's Grill and Tap, which never closes a successful season without

a stabbing or ten. This is frequented principally by dubious members of society, but Clancy maintains there was never anything done except by accident or in the spirit of good clean fun.

On this particular morning, the shop was empty but for a cosy group in one of the back booths. They were, from right to left, Charlie (Leavenworth '38), Mike the Nip, Blueface Benny, KO Cochran, and J. P. or Gyp, five of the most undesirable individuals you'd want to meet in the dark since the days of Capone. They were drinking their breakfast and discussing the little job it seemed they had pulled the previous night.

"I'm telling you, Mike, we ought to try another tonight," J. P. said (J. P. was the brains of the gang, having attended high school three years). "They won't be expectin' it, see?" his little black eyes twinkled as he leaned across the table and hissed out the last words.

"Get outa me beer," said Mike.

Cochran drained off his drink and smacked his lips. "I tink the Nip is right," he said slowly, moving his big jaw up and down on a plug of Bull Durham. He looked around at the boys, first one, then another, and his voice rose. "We're the guys that do all these jobs; we're the ones that gotta watch out for the cops, ain't we?—all J. P.'s gotta do is get rid of the stuff—he should worry. And, say, what become of that ice we got last week—I thought they's a couple hundred in it?"

"Yeah, what about it, stool?" Mike put in, snipping a butt into J. P.'s glass.

The Gyp drew back and a sneer twisted upon his lips, revealing a row of little yellow teeth. "Listen, brain-trussed," he drooled sarcastically, "without me you bums ain't got a chance. Where would you be if I didn't think all these jobs out?" He raised his eyebrows and thrust out his jaw. "Snitchin' ladies' pocketbooks, see!"

"Where's the ice money?" said Mike.

"You'll get your cut," the Gyp snarled.

"An' right now, or so help me, mug—" Cochran slid the hand inside his coat.

"Ha! I can fancy that," said Gyp. "Why I—"

His body slithered onto the floor, just as Clancy came out of the kitchen.

"Thanks, Benny," said Cochran.

Clancy came over to the table. "All right, youse guys, what's the big idea?" he said, "I'm runnin' a respectable joint here, get it? Now you can just go dump him yourself, I ain't goin' to any more. Who's responsible this time?"

Benny looked down and smirked sheepishly.

"Oh, Benny, eh? Well, what did you have

to use a knife for? Look at that mess." Benny giggled.

Charlie lunged up from his seat and stooped under the table. Grabbing hold of the shirt collar of the deceased, he dragged the body out and stood with it hanging limply from the end of his crooked arm. "I'll dump the rat—wid pleasure," he said. "Lead on, Clancy!"

"Wait a minute," cried Cochran. "Not so fast. We'll frisk him here, first." Charlie stared at him angrily; but after they had divided the proceeds, he carried his late comrade out through the back door with a smile—he'd still get the gold fillings.

A few minutes later he returned and they all sat down again. Clancy drew them some more breakfast and then disappeared into the kitchen.

"Maybe, though, we ought to try another tonight," Cochran ventured; "then lay low awhile."

"Where'd we pull any job now?" asked Mike.

"The Gyp was thinking of that bank on Baker Street, I think."

Charlie glanced up from his beer. "No more banks for me! We was almost nabbed on the last one, and we didn't get nothing out of it."

"Would any of you gentlemen like to bust a bank?" a voice came from behind. The four jumped up and Charlie, being nearest, had the stranger on the floor with a gun in his ribs before he could make another sound.

"I told you they seen us last night!" he cried.

Cochran walked over to the recumbent figures and pressed the sole of his foot against the stranger's forehead. "Say, what a little guy!" he said. "What do you want, Dick Tracy?"

"Oh, I'm no detective, if that's what you mean," replied Rodney (for it was none other).

"Don't try to kid us!" Charlie shoved the pistol deeper.

"I'm not. Allow me to introduce myself. Rodney Gilding. I couldn't help overhearing your conversation; I'm toying with the idea of cracking the National Bank myself. I've got it all figured out and just thought we might merge our forces—I'll provide the brains, you, the brawn, as it were." Charlie got to his feet and looked at the others.

Cochran spoke, "You mean you've got a job all worked out?"

"To the finest detail," Rodney answered.

"No more banks for me!" Charlie repeated. Rodney stood up, brushing his clothes.

Continued on page 14

Present-Day Whims

Betty Davis, '40

AS I go about my daily routine, I, either consciously or unconsciously, form opinions of chance passers-by. The former, all of which may not be expressed on paper for various reasons, present a brief, but interesting and typical, bird's-eye view of the times. Thus was I thinking as I stood on the street corner. At the time, I had an excellent opportunity to form my judgment of this generation.

Since this is supposed to be a systematic era, I thought that I might in *some* way keep up with the times. Therefore, I started from the bottom up. With eyes cast to the ground, I awaited the first victim.

Down the street wobbled two veritable stilts. On closer examination, they turned out to be shoes. Shoes? There weren't any heel supports, and two huge, protruding toes swept the dirty sidewalk. Why wear shoes at all if the sum and substance amounts to a sole, a strap, and a stick? A "skirt" appeared after a large intervening breach of thinly-clad legs. Next came that ravaging "wasp-waist." I wondered just how much time it had taken to yank that piece of femininity into place. Maybe she never had time for breakfast after the struggle, and that in part accounted for the "hour-glass middle." Still up! That sweater was beautiful and alluring, but so impractical. Angora seems to be more appropriate on the poor little rabbit's back than on men's shoulders and car upholstery. With ever-rising eyes, my glance hit upon a perfect reproduction of Dan Cupid's bow. Had the Indians been foresighted enough in 1492, they would have taken out an exclusive patent on their paint. Two arched, synthetic eyebrows definitely took away any traces of personality which God's misplaced mustaches are supposed to reveal. But the crowning farce was yet to come. Some hats have shape, stovepipe, bird's nest, trylon, perisphere, or pancake, but not this one! There it was, a few artificial flowers grouped around a lump of cloth and actually pinned to the head. The hands had been carefully caressing the newly acquired upswept coiffure, and had thus been obscured. At that moment, they came flashing down in all their gaudy, ghastly, giddy glory. The "fingernails", pointed at the ends to a pin's breadth and painted blood-red, seemed to be there as a method of self-defense. God's gilded lily!

Pacing next to this girl was a young man. Reading from bottom to top: a pair of dirty, turned-up oxfords; a pair of yellow, red, and



green socks; pant-legs turned half-mast; a shirt hanging out all around; and a head of hair so closely clipped that my only comparisons were a porcupine and a pin cushion.

Surprised at my own ability to perform such a disgustingly human, primitive, and undignified action, I turned around and actually *ran* home to procure my camera. I wanted to take a candid snapshot so that when my grandchildren approach adolescence, they will be restrained from their follies by a picture of the *sensible* days of 1940.

Professor Get-Around's Quiz

Who's What? What's Who?

("Get-Arounds" should have at least 22 correct answers.)

John Mixer, '40

1. Ice cream is very cooling; but who is the only Queen in Europe now ruling?
2. Three little fishes in a pool;—the American ambassador to France is who?
 - a. Einstein
 - b. Bullett
 - c. Kennedy
 - d. Moliere
3. Joe E. Brown has a very large mouth;—name two undefeated football teams in the South?
4. The boy sat on the stove; it was hot! Who was responsible for the Munich Bombing Plot?
5. An egg can be boiled, baked, or fried; but which Supreme Court member just died?
 - a. Frankfurter
 - b. Brandeis
 - c. Butler
 - d. Hughes
6. My uncle likes gravy; so, in the world, who has the largest navy?
 - a. United States
 - b. Germany
 - c. Japan
 - d. Great Britain
7. The man said, "Don't sue us!" Now, who was the last fighter to battle Joe Louis?
8. Come Gabriel, blow your horn, for the largest amount of federal relief money has been spent on—.
9. Pigs are just hams, but do you know what football team is nicknamed the "Rams"?
 - a. California
 - b. Harvard
 - c. Dartmouth
 - d. Fordham
10. Which comes first, the egg or the hen; and in the regular Russian army there are how many men?
11. All the little brats went to camp; but do you know who is the feminine U. S. Tennis Champ?
12. Whistling Willie, Singing Sam; oh, who is the new tenor on Jack Benny's program?
 - a. Lawrence Tibbett
 - b. Toscanini
 - c. Dennis Day
 - d. Kate Smith
13. The kid was witty; but who is the head of the National G. O. P. Committee?
14. See-saw, See-saw; in the United States, who declares war?
15. Once I saw a snake uncoil; and tell me the leading producer of the world's oil?
 - a. United States
 - b. Poland
 - c. Russia
 - d. India
16. Cape Cod is famous for its clam chowder. Now, who is Earl Browder?
17. Three cheers for Artie! Who leads the National Democratic party?
18. Roses are red, violets are blue; the author of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* is who?
 - a. Maxwell Anderson.
 - b. Robert Sherwood
 - c. Shakespeare
 - d. George Brenard Shaw.
19. This house is built of solid cement; but who is the head of the Treasury Department?
20. What a man was Daniel Boone! Who is Fritz Kuhn?
 - a. leader of communist party
 - b. ruler of Lapland
 - c. leader of German-American Bund
 - d. Secretary of State under Jefferson
21. The young couple in the moonlight were sittin'. Now, who is the American Ambassador to Britain?
22. People always go some place to dine; oh, what is the latest dimension being studied by Einstein?
23. A very popular song is "My Prayer"; but who was voted last year's most outstanding football player?
 - a. Larry Kelley
 - b. Davy O'Brien
 - c. McLeod
 - d. "Red" Grange
24. Most girls cannot cook; so what is Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' latest book?
25. Oh, who can tell; what's the difference between Sumner and Orson Wells?

(Answers on page 16)

Reflections

Roberta Jones, '40

A leafy carpet 'neath my feet,
 A hazy sky above,
 A brisk wind blowing out to sea—
 Oh, that's the life I love.

A lazy day to wander 'round
 In the woodland free,
 Shuffling through the windswept leaves—
 Oh, that's the life for me!

A hilltop high to climb to,
 Where carefree songbirds breed,
 My faithful Rover at my heels—
 Oh, that's the life to lead!

When day is done and colors fade,
 And the moon mounts higher,
 A fire, a book, a cozy chair—
 Oh, that's my heart's desire.

*Prize-winning photo by James Harding, '41*

Love vs. History

Muriel Gediman, '41

Sunday Night

Dear Sue,

At last I'm in love! Madly, divinely, head-over-heels in love, and about to be married. If you'll just have patience, I will elaborate on that startling announcement, but it has all happened so quickly—I don't know where to begin.

It started last Monday. In a burst of generosity I promised to meet Margie's second cousin at the train and keep him amused during his two weeks' stay in Boston. (You see, I was having my vacation and Margie was having the grippe.) I'm convinced now, that Lady Luck was fooling around with my vocal cords when I made that promise, because those were the luckiest words I have ever spoken. But when Monday morning dawned, cold and rainy, I was convinced that I had made one big blunder.

At any rate at 4:47 I was fidgeting around on the platform of South Station looking for a tall red-headed creature in a gray overcoat. Then I saw him! Honestly, you can't imagine anyone like him. Just take Tyrone Power, Jimmy Stewart, and Clark Gable, mix 'em up, put red hair on what you get, and there you have my Ted.

Yes, his name is Ted. Ted Wayne, and when I saw him loping along the platform.

my heart took one great leap and started beating triple time. Getting acquainted was an easy job, and after we had dinner together and made plans to meet the next day, I began to think that my vacation was going to be pretty nice, after all. (You see, my heart was still beating triple time.)

The next day we started on our sight-seeing tour of Boston. Now I've lived in Boston all my life, but I never knew there were so many historically important spots. And not only were there at least twenty dozen places of interest, but he had to see every single one of them. We saw the old State House and we saw Bunker Hill. We saw the old North Church and we saw Faneuil Hall. We re-rode Paul Revere's ride and we re-fought every battle of the Revolution. We saw every conceivable place in Boston that was even faintly tinged with historical importance.

Came Friday, the day before he was supposed to go home and I was sunk. Absolutely sunk! Here I was simply wild about a man who cared for nothing but past history. Far be it from him to make present history. Ah no! I had been with him almost constantly for two whole weeks—and the farthest I had got was to have him hold my hand once. And in that down-hearted mood I left to see the State House.

We entered the State House. We inspected the State House. Not the way other people would do it, but minutely, room by room, tablet by tablet. And after we had finished our first inspection he proposed inspection No. 2. "Come on, Dot, I just want to see that room down there once more."

There I balked. For two weeks I had traipsed all over Boston gradually becoming a walking Information Bureau, but this was the end. "I am not going to go. You may go see that room again. You may go and see every room in this building. You may inspect them, inch by inch, foot by foot, but I am going to stay right here." And down I sat on a bench in a secluded corner at the end of a corridor.

And do you know what he said? He very placidly said, "Well, if that's what you want to do, Dot, I'll meet you here in half an hour" and off he went. I was angry and disgusted, but my heart still did that triple-time stunt.

One-half hour passed and no Ted. Three-quarters of an hour passed and still no Ted. In spite of my anger I was getting worried so I walked slowly down the hall and couldn't find another single, solitary person in the building. It was getting quite dark and suddenly I realized what had happened. I was locked in!

Then I began to get scared. Here I was locked in the State House (and a dark State House at that) and I couldn't find Ted. Picture me dashing down the corridor in my spike heels and tight skirt yelling "Ted, Ted," and getting no answer. It's funny now—but then I was petrified.

In time Ted ambled out of a room and

calmly asked "Why, what's the matter, Dot?" I told him and then we both went racing down the corridor and started banging on the door. After ten minutes of alternate banging and yelling, we were convinced that it was futile so we sat down to talk.

We talked for two hours and it was wonderful. It wasn't what we said because we didn't say much—but at least he was paying some attention to me. Suddenly he put down his cigarette and blurted out, "I've got something to tell you and I don't know how to say it."

"What is it?" I was beginning to have hopes.

"I'm in love with you. I just found it out. You see, I've been so busy with the history of Boston that I didn't pay much attention to you. But now I know."

I had completely forgotten where we were, but I was rudely brought back to reality, for just as he started to kiss me, I heard a loud bang, and saw a light pointed thru the door. Very much embarrassed we found that it was a policeman who had come to investigate the light from Ted's cigarette. After much hand signaling, we managed to convey to him our desire to get out, and with a baleful, disapproving glance he unlocked the door. Out we marched to the amusement of a few stray on-lookers who had been attracted by the noise.

That was Friday and today is Sunday. We're going to be married next Saturday, and guess where we are going on our honeymoon? Philadelphia! Ted says it's full of historical landmarks.

Love,

Dot

"Joy To The World"

Irene Wright, '42

Oh, the happy, happy Christmas day!
 "Joy to the world," the church bells say.
 The snow bird sings a happy song;
 The sun shines brightly all day long.
 Beneath the ice the brook runs fast;
 The trees dance in the winter's blast,
 The children are so happy and gay,
 For years ago, on this very day,
 The little Christ-child did appear,
 The happiest day of all the year.



The Mystery Code

Shirley Landers, '41

I SAT in my luxurious library while a cold wind howled outside. It moaned and wailed around the towers of the old castle like a lost soul. Somewhere in the remote subterranean passages it had gained entrance like an unbidden guest and swept through the tunnel with a shriek that was blood chilling in its shrillness.

However, all was cozy and warm inside. A bright fire crackled cheerily on the hearth, throwing queer flickering shadows over the book-lined walls of the room. The heavy draperies shut out the cold wind and deadened the sound of rain on the window-panes. The room was like a heaven of warmth and light in a bleak, dreary world.

I got up and, wandering about the room leafed through several volumes. One in particular interested me. It was an old book, exquisitely bound in fine Morocco leather and had been written by my grandfather, a fact of which I was very proud. As I turned the pages, a piece of paper fluttered to the floor. Impatiently I stooped to pick it up. It was rather yellowed with age, and covered with queer figures such as 48 d. k, 24 ds. sp., 13 fr. sp, etc. I searched my mind for some clue to the mysterious paper, but I couldn't recall that my grandfather had ever spoken of any such document. I was familiar with a great many codes and ciphers, but could use none of these successfully. Finally I decided to ask the help of my parents, who were well-versed in such matters. Yes, Lord and Lady Elnover, it seemed to me, were well-versed in everything. I was very proud of them.

As I stepped out into the hall, a cold draught of wind almost snatched the paper from my hand. Although the rooms of the castle were generally cheerful and bright, the halls were always damp and dreary with the dark, musty smell which clings to any old building. Mother and Father sat in the drawing room having a leisurely game of chess. They appeared bored, however, and looked up with interest, as I entered.

"Mother! Dad! look—an old code—in Grandfather's book—what's it mean?—just found it." Out of this incoherent jumble of words they managed to piece the story together in a remarkably short time. They were ac-

customed to my rambling, disconnected way of telling anything. They were silent for so long that I began to get impatient when finally my mother looked up with a sigh.

"I guess you'll have to get someone else to look at this, Louise. I can't make it out. It's like nothing I ever saw. I know what! Ask Gregg. His father and grandfather before him have always been butlers here. He would know if there was any story behind it."

Determined to find out the meaning of the message, I started out to find Gregg, who would probably be in the servants' quarters. I pounded frantically on the door and was rewarded by hearing his halting step. He was a wizened, little man with a look of perpetual sorrow. I could never remember having seen a smile on his wrinkled face. Without further preliminaries, I burst into the story of the mysterious paper. His stolid expression never changed. He might have been a wooden figure for all the signs of life he showed. I had a feeling that I would be surprised if he opened his mouth. He looked as if he had lost his power of speech. And then a remarkable thing happened. Gregg laughed! He forgot his dignity, his standing! He laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. He shook so that a button popped off his waist coat and hit me squarely in the eye, which later turned a beautiful purple. However, I was too dumbfounded at the time to think about it. I wondered whether the old castle had driven him crazy or me.

Between gasps of laughter, he told me something which made me feel like the head of a pin. I wanted to die with embarrassment right then and there. You see Gregg and I had never got along. Ever since I was small, I had resented his lofty ways, his annoying habit of belittling anything I did. And now he really had something to laugh at, for this was what he told me!

"Oh, Miss Louise, you certainly put your foot h'in h'it this time. H'I can explain your great mysterious code very easily. I make such lists often—48 dessert spoons, twenty-four fruit spoons, abbreviated of course. Probably my father tucked it into that book long ago."

Thus ended my great mystery much to my embarrassment, but anyway it certainly provided plenty of excitement and amusement especially for Gregg.

Tortuous Fashion

Eleanor T. McLaughlin, '42

SLAM! Crash! Bang! A large wardrobe trunk slid from its perch atop several packing cases. A tall, gangling girl dashed to its side, snapped open the lid, and threw it back against the wall. An overpowering odor of moth balls assailed her nostrils, as she bent eagerly to examine the contents. Every conceivable type of "Gay Ninety's" costume was rejected. But here was success at last! An old-fashioned whalebone, hourglass corset was held triumphantly to the light.

"Mother, I found it! Will you lace me up? You know the way Grandpa did Grandma. He used to brace against the bedpost and tugged for all he was worth!"

Mother followed the tradition, and daughter Eve, a high school sophomore, was laced into an eighteen-inch waist. A plaid school dress was slipped over this contraption. No, there was no party in view. But we must follow the rules of style for school, mustn't we?

"Well, Mother, I doubt I can exist through the day, but I'll make a brave attempt. I'll see you at 2:30, I hope!"

Eve strutted up the street, in the height of

fashion. At least that's what she believed. The corsets were rather stiff, though. It was a half-mile walk to school, so you could hardly wonder she was gasping for breath at the school door.

Eve struggled valiantly through French and English classes, but found it impossible to recite Latin. As last period rolled around, she anticipated a restful study period. The bell rang and there was a grand rush for the door. The girls were going to the gymnasium. Horrors! How on earth could she play basketball in whalebone? She pulled on her uniform. My! the belt was loose, while her hips and bust more than filled out the suit. She stumbled onto the floor as they were choosing teams.

"Oh Eve, you're on the first team. Go in and do your stuff!"

Eve caught the ball, poised for a basket, then something snapped! The whole line of lacing burst asunder, splitting the sides of the gym suit.

"I surrender! Oh, to be living in the time of the first Eve, when whalebone was a thing of the future!"

Gilding Rebels

(Continued from Page 8)

"Then I've got an alternative. Not so profitable, but perhaps more exciting."

"How much would be in it?" asked Mike.

"About twenty thousand." The four whistled, and Clancy came running into the room.

"Here, Clancy," said Cochran, "meet Mr. Goldman—one of the mob." He gave Rodney a slap on the back that curdled "Gilding's the name" in his throat.

"Now what's the story, Gildy?" said Mike, after they had settled themselves again.

"Well, tonight the DuMortants are having a ball at their mansion; there will be ladies there, and the ladies will have jewelry, see?" Benny's eyes gleamed. "Now here's my plan: during an intermission we slip into the ladies' powder room and stick them up—nothing to it!" Benny's eyes blazed.

"Only how do we know where's the powder room?" asked Cochran.

Rodney smiled. "I went to a party there once myself."

* * *

At the Du Mortant town house the hour was close to midnight and the orchestra was wearying for intermission. Outside, in the silent

shadows the five hung waiting for the same object, though with a different reason.

"It's almost time," he whispered. "That's the window we go in, up over that balcony. It leads to a bedroom right beside the powder room. Listen! The orchestra's stopped; we'd better hurry."

Stealthily they crept along the side of the house to a spot directly below the designated window. A lattice led up part way and Rodney quickly crawled up this and swung himself onto the balcony. The others followed. Rodney's heart beat faster. Benny's breath was hot in his neck. Cochran slipped a jimmy under the sash and the window gave easily, hardly making a noise. The room was empty. One after another they edged inside and stood still a second to listen. Then—a blinding flash of light and the room was illuminated!

"Kindly stretch the palms toward the ceiling," drawled a voice.

Before them stood a tall figure in evening dress, an automatic glittering in his hand!

Don't forget to miss the concluding installment of Gilding's thrilling adventure!

Marine Biological Laboratory

Charlotte McKenzie, '40

"WOO-ODS Hole, Woods Ho-o-ole!", the conductor announced. At last I had reached my destination where I was to study for six weeks at the Marine Biological Laboratory. I hailed a taxi to take me to the dormitory, maintained by the lab, at which I was to stay. When I arrived, I decided it was too late to go sight-seeing that day. I ate supper at what I later learned was called the "Mess", and then I returned to the dorm, but couldn't locate my room. I had no idea that there were two apartment houses, but a kindly, old lady suggested that perhaps I was in the wrong building. Embarrassed at such a silly blunder, I blurted my thanks; and, after finding the correct house, I decided to "hit the hay."

The next morning I arose at an hour what I considered bright and early, but discovered others had been up hours before me. At breakfast I met a girl from China who was to take the same course as I. We decided first of all to learn something about the place and set about with determination to accomplish this purpose.

An instructor directed us to the library where we intended to secure some information. The librarian told us that in 1890, \$1000 had been donated to establish the Glendower Evans Library. I wondered how many thousands of dollars were represented in the present extensive library and soon learned that there were 40,000 bound volumes of serial publications, 6,000 books, and 100,000 reprints of scientific nature—an enormous amount of money. My companion and I secured some pamphlets which contained brief histories of the Laboratory.

After leaving the magnificent library, we walked through the building noticing all details. We observed the administration offices, the auditorium seating 545, X-ray rooms, and photographic rooms. There were (we counted them) 75 private and general biochemical, 15 private and general biological laboratories, and five dark rooms. The building itself was four stories high, fireproof, and made of brick.

I wondered how such a small village had been chosen for the location of this internationally-known institution; but as I didn't want to appear either obtrusive or ignorant by asking too many questions, I left my companion and returned to my room to do some reading for myself. I digested the brief but concise history in a short time and eagerly



Photo by Thomson

Marine Biological Laboratory

searched for my friend to give her an exhibition of my recently acquired knowledge. I proudly commenced with minute exactness to reel off my information.

"In 1886 the supporters of the Woman's Educational Association, directed by Alpheus Hyatt, solicited the eminent biologists in an endeavor to obtain funds to establish a large and permanent institution. Within two years \$10,000 was secured, and the Marine Biological Laboratory was incorporated in 1888.

"After prolonged deliberation, the trustees selected Woods Hole as the ideal location, and the M. B. L. started its glorious existence with no constituency, no assured backing, no library, only two instructors, seven investigators, and eight students. Zoology was the only course offered.

"Since then, growth has been rapid and encouraging. By 1913 a 'mess' hall, a library, and a lecture hall had been built; and in the same year the first, permanent, fire-proof building was erected at a cost of \$115,000. A carpenter shop, two dormitories, and a new dining hall followed in rapid succession.

"In 1922 generous donations by the Rockefeller Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Charles R. Crane amounted to \$1,405,000. This money was used for a new building and endowment. Thus the biological station rose from trying days of penury to bountiful days of affluence."

My companion gazed at me wonderingly and said, "That was very interesting; but the account which I read told why the trustees chose Woods Hole as the situation for the lab. This quiet, little village offered many natural qualifications; for it boasted of numerous flats, bays, promontories, islands, ponds, and other facilities advantageous to research work."

She knew everything I had told her and more besides! Feeling as small as a pin head, I apologetically excused myself and retired to the privacy of my room where I decided that in the future I wouldn't be in such a hurry to display my superiority.

After that unfortunate incident my friend and I became very intimate and enjoyed our course immensely. Our class often took field trips to collect specimens, and at the end of the season we were all rewarded with a picnic on Naushon Island. Scientists from nine foreign countries attended, as well as representatives from every state in the Union.

In my enthusiasm over such a marvelous institution, I did not forget the pioneers who left such a noble heritage. Would that they were here today to enjoy the fruits of their arduous toil!

"They rest from their labors, but their works do follow them."

I returned home, at the end of my course, but was determined to go back the next summer to the quaint little village with the modernized institution.

M. B. L. Facts

DO YOU REALIZE THAT:

1. In 1873 Louis Agassiz established the first marine laboratory in America, the Anderson School of Natural History, on the island of Penikese in Buzzards Bay?
2. This school was abandoned in a year owing to its inaccessibility and its owner's death?
3. The Woman's Educational Association of Boston, opened a seaside laboratory at Annisquam, Mass. in 1820?
4. The present Marine Biological Laboratory is a lineal descendant of these two schools?
5. The first plot of land procured for the M. B. L. was seventy-eight feet by one hundred and twenty-feet, and cost \$1,300?
6. The first building was a plain, wooden, two-story structure 28 feet by 63 feet?
7. Professor C. O. Whitman was the first director?
8. The George M. Gray Museum contains many types of stuffed birds, reptiles, butterflies, and other insects?
9. The Supply Department delivers living material needed for research to investigators, and collects and preserves material to sell to educational institutions?
10. Five departments are now organized for research and instruction: namely, Botany, Embryology, Zoology, Protozoology, and Physiology?



Woods Hole Wharf Scene
by Clayton Collins, '40

ANSWERS TO PROF. GET-AROUND'S QUIZ ON PAGE 10

1. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland
2. (b) Bullet
3. Texas A & M and Tennessee
4. George Elser
5. (c) Butler
6. (d) Great Britain
7. John Henry Louis
8. Highways
9. Fordham
10. 2,000,000 men
11. Alice Marble
12. Dennis Day
13. Hamilton
14. Congress
15. United States
16. Communist candidate for President in 1936
17. James Farley
18. Robert Sherwood
19. Morgenthau
20. (c) Leader of German-American Bund
21. J. P. Kennedy
22. Fifth
23. (b) Davy O'Brien
24. *The Yearling*
25. Sumner Wells is Under Secretary of State. Orson Wells is an actor.



For Art's Sake!

Betty Davis, Editor

TO write such an editorial is embarrassing; to admit the lack of such a seeming necessity is shameful. Yet, to state the fact—where is our Art Department?

How may we expect to be reputed as a progressive and modern school without offering a course in Art? How may we hope to have a Lawrencian Art Department without training the students in the various branches of the course? We have gone through Junior and Senior Schools without the course. Now that the Junior High School is finally taking last steps toward introducing it, we dislike to admit that we are not keeping ahead, nor even apace with them. It seems almost criminal to let our students' latent abilities remain undiscovered and undeveloped through all our high school days. We think that, with this addition to our curricula, students, especially those who go to college, would benefit inestimably. Training in this line would greatly aid them in developing constructive ideas, applicable to all branches of later life.

So what? Just this—let's hope that the Superintendent of Schools and the School Committee act on the recommendation of the school and realize an L. H. S. Art Department!

"I have always thought of Christmas time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women seem by one consent to open their hearts freely, and so I say, God Bless Christmas."—Dickens.

With the world in such chaotic upheaval, how thankful we should feel that these sentiments still can and do exist in America.

Again, to our many advertisers, goes our unanimous vote of thanks! Another example of their splendid community spirit!

Editorial Pointers

Muriel Gediman, '41

"Rome wasn't built in a day." Neither was the athletic field, apparently.

All these people who speak of a new school might well remember "Actions speak louder than words".

The nearly depossessed seniors should note that "The best remedy for conceit is to think of all the things you don't know."

Blackboards are to be written on—but not the blackboards in L. H. S.

From the crowded appearance of the drinking fountain between classes, it would seem that the L. H. S. theme song is "Come bring your loot to the fountain."

It is evident that Stalin will get numerous Finns by his latest grab. We fervently wish that among them he will get a Mickey Finn.

Bacon says "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed; and some few to be chewed and digested." Please pass a trigonometry sandwich!

It isn't absolutely necessary to grow sadder as we grow wiser—but how Mr. Marshall wishes we would grow quieter!

Greatness does not depend on size. Napoleon, if he were living, would never get a job as a cop.

We hear that a new sprinkler system is to be installed in L. H. S.—perhaps to cool off those fervid romances.

The way to be nothing is to do nothing—and so we close.

A Suggestion

Muriel Gediman, Associate Editor

STUDENTS! Would you like to get better marks? Teachers! Would you like to help students get better marks? Then study carefully this suggested solution to a problem in L. H. S.

Students frequently find it required that they study for two or three tests during the same evening. This is unfortunate, unfair, and unnecessary!

Since tests are a necessary evil and are considered the principal means for marking students, it seems only fair to the students that they have an opportunity to prepare adequately for them. It is certainly not giving them adequate opportunity when assignments call for tests in two or more subjects on the same day.

We make a suggestion which we think practical, reasonable, and beneficial. Can't the teachers so arrange their work and co-operate with one another and with the pupils so that no two tests fall on the same day? We believe that under these conditions pupils could and would do their work more efficiently and produce better results.

* * *

Study Period Pests

Shirley Landers, '41

ALL school study halls are dotted with groups of students who can be classed as typical "study period pests". Divided into three general groups, they are the "mechanic", the "actor", and the wanderer.

First on the list is the mechanic. He is the bright soul who is always experimenting with elastics, rulers, erasers, etc., until he gets a dubious-looking pyramid. At this extraordinary exhibition of genius he beams upon his audience with a condescending smile. No matter how much you want to study, you find yourself engrossed in wondering whether the pyramid is going to collapse.

Another of these exasperating pests is the actor. A loud groan is usually calculated to get the attention of the room. If this fails, rendition of a popular song is always successful. If he is fortunate, the teacher may single him out for a little lecture, and then he can smirk and grin to his heart's content. Again your attention is drawn from your much neglected work.

Last, but not least, is the wanderer. His "itchy feet" prompt him to be always on the

go. First he makes a non-stop trip to the pencil-sharpener, where he gazes absently out the window. Next, of course, it is necessary to go to the library, get a piece of paper, speak to Johnny—there are innumerable excuses. You find your unwilling eyes following him about the room, as you finally resign yourself to fate and give up all attempts to study.

In conclusion, all I can say is if "the cap fits, put it on" and that you can save this talent until after school, when it can really be appreciated.

* * *

Attendance, Please!

Betty Davis, Editor

MORE socials! Teachers urge them. Parents repeat. Students agree emphatically. We have socials. What happens?

Teachers and groups of pupils work enthusiastically for weeks in order to have a party or dance which will be a big success. Their main objective is to put on an entertainment which will afford the students a good time and at the same time promote class and school spirit. What happens?

Perhaps a dozen couples arrive on time, and a few others saunter in at various intervals. During the course of the evening those who come with the intention of having a good time manage to enjoy themselves, to dance and play games, and try to get others to join them in doing so. These are the young people who know how to mix in a crowd and have a grand time. But there are always those others. Those are the ones who, if the affair is a dance, appear to hold up the walls as if their lives depended upon it. They are the ones who, with sombre faces, criticize what others are trying to do for them. It would be better for all concerned if this sort would remain at home.

If other schools can have parties and good times with more than half the school in attendance, why can't we? We certainly have a school of which we may be proud. We've a faculty to be proud of; we hope we have a cooperative student body, but the proof lies in the future. If we're going to have a good all-around school of which we may justly boast, we must have better showings at social affairs.

How about it? The next time that the Brotherhood, the Public Speaking Club, or some class endeavors to provide an enjoyable evening for us, let's respond 100 per cent!



L. H. S. Girls' Posture Clinic

Gertrude Atkinson, '40

POSTURE pictures to be taken of every girl in high school will be a major factor in a corrective posture program sponsored by the physical education department, declared Miss Dorothea Buros, Girls' Physical Education Supervisor, at a recent interview. Daily posture reports by teachers as well will enter into the judgment. Those girls found to have poor posture will report twice a week at a posture clinic until corrections are made.

Good posture, the best balanced position of the body, may be attained when the neck, the trunk, the pelvis, the thigh, and the leg are in a position in which each, as viewed from the side, is in a line parallel to the others and at the same time in one line which is perpendicular to the floor.

Numerous are the reasons for which one should endeavor to attain good posture. Some of the most important are: (1) it assures a greater amount of energy which is available for growth and daily activities, (2) good posture makes the body organs function better, (3) it influences professional and economic success, (4) erect posture enhances the feeling of well-being, and (5) socially one contributes a better self to the group when one gives to it a being who has physical poise.

This posture clinic which will give L. H. S. girls the opportunity to improve their poise and charm will soon be under way.

"I swang, you swang, we all swang" at the Victory Dance to the music of Hal Holbart's orchestra. More than fifty couples danced gaily in the maroon and white decorated hall. Eleven footballs will be purchased for the team members with the twenty dollar profit. The enthusiastic reception of this dance seems to prove the fact that the latest L. H. S. slogan is "Bigger, better, and *more* dances!"

HONOR ROLL

Month Ending December 8, 1939.

Seniors

Richard Barry	Clayton Collins
Jeannette Hurford	Roberta Jones
George Kariotis	Charlotte McKenzie

Juniors

Gertrude Atkinson	Carol Barrows
Marguerite Carlson	Muriel Gediman

James Harding

Sophomores

Natalie Robertson	Louise Silva
Jean Wagner	

CERTIFICATE LIST

Seniors

Betty Davis	Milford Hatch
Gillian Williams	

Juniors

Melvin Fish	Guinivere Hinckley
Priscilla Lord	Virginia Rowe

Sophomores

Dorothy Atkinson	John Lawrence
Dorothy Maceda	Eleanor McLaughlin
Evangeline Tollio	

Lawrencian Prizes Announced

THE LAWRENCIAN again has awarded cash prizes for students' literary and photographic work. The judges take pleasure in announcing the contest winners whose entries are printed in this issue. For her poem, "Reflections", Roberta Jones receives \$1.00 award. The essay prize of \$1.00 goes to Betty Davis. "Present-Day Whim" is the title of her amusing essay. A special award of \$1.00 is also given to Eleanor McLaughlin for her short story, "Tortuous Fashion". In the photographic contest the judges gave the first prize of \$1.00 to James Harding for his outstanding sunset scene. Second prize, a subscription to two issues of the *Lawrencian*, goes to Clayton Collins, whose entry is the Woods Hole Station scene. Honorable mention is due to Adeline Mills's picture of Washington's Statue at the World's Fair. Congratulations!

L. H. S. News

Roberta Jones, '40

NOTE: The Senior Class upheld its reputation in surpassing Juniors and Sophomores in number of Honor Students for the month of October. These deserving Seniors were Richard Barry, Clayton Collins, Milford Hatch, Jeannette Hurford, George Kariotis, Mary Lawrence, Charlotte McKenzie, and Gill Williams. Juniors were Gertrude Atkinson and James Harding. The lone Sophomore, who saved the class reputation, was Louise Silva.

HIGHLIGHT: Fire drill held by Fire Department during assembly, occasion being National Fire Week. Although surprised by its unexpectedness, students acquitted themselves well and filed out in an orderly manner in one minute and forty-six seconds. Most of this year's assisting Fire Squad are Bert Soderland, Chief; William Hewins, Deputy; Allan Williams, Robert Lehy, and Donald MacQuarrie, Assistants.

ITEMS: A Dramatic Club has been organized by teachers, Miss Barbara Follansbee and Mrs. Peterson, in which all phases of dramatics are to be studied. Club officers are as follows: President, Melvina Crosby; Vice-President, Virginia Rowe; Secretary, Gill Williams; and Treasurer, John Mixer. The club's first dramatic offering will be a short one-act play.

The Socii Orationes Club, which played so prominent a part in school activities last year, has been reorganized under Mr. Allen. The Grape Arbor Dance was the first social activity sponsored by the club.

A Girls' Athletic Association has been formed for the purpose of enabling those not participating in sports to obtain letters. Officers are: President, Connie DeMello; Vice-President, Dorothy Francis; Secretary, Charlotte McKenzie; and Treasurer, Jean Hall.

HIGHLIGHT: Four deserving Senior girls are to be chosen each month to be guests at Outlook Club meetings during that month. The four girls chosen for the month of November were: Betty Davis, Erdine Collins, Blanche Hall, and Roberta Jones.

One Senior boy is also to be chosen each month to attend meetings of the Rotary Club as a Junior Rotarian. Milford Hatch, as President of the Senior Class, was the first to attend. He was followed by Richard Barry, President of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood.

BRIEF: Several Senior Class meetings have been held to discuss the Year Book and the Washington Trip. The sale of Christmas Cards

has also been taken up by the class.

ASSEMBLIES: Among the interesting movies which have been presented to the students were those dealing with automobile safety, the evil consequences of alcohol, the service of the Red Cross, and photographing tigers in their native haunts.

A lecture, illustrated with colored slides of Acadia National Park in Maine, was given on October 17.

Sound business advice was given by Mrs. Dunbar, of the Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School, in a special assembly for girls.

JUNIOR NOTE: Class officers elected as follows: President, George Mixer; Vice-President, Donald MacQuarrie; Secretary, Gertrude Atkinson; and Treasurer, Carleton Collins. Meeting also held to discuss class rings which have recently been ordered. Class advisers: Miss Arenovski and Mr. Craig.

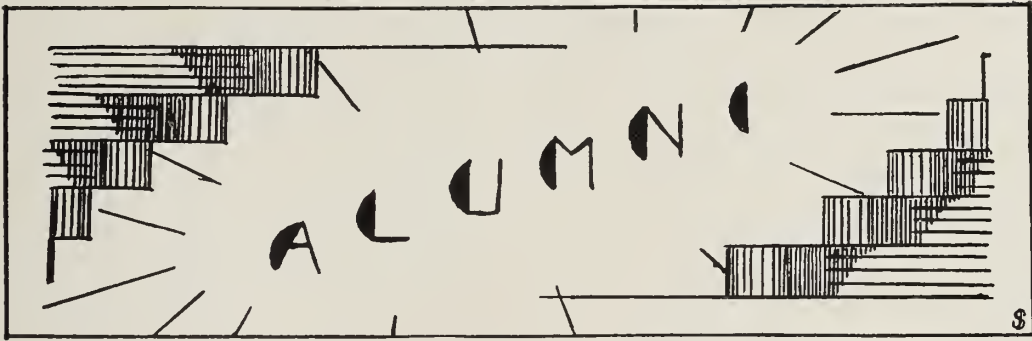
SOPHOMORE NOTES: On November 24, following class officers were elected: President, Norman Eldridge; Vice-President, Marguerite Iumbert; Secretary, Fred Metell; and Treasurer, Dorothy Densmore. Class advisers: Miss Follansbee and Mr. Baker.

Two members of the class have entered other schools: Patricia Brown, who entered Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Mass., and April Oursler, who is attending Westover School, Middlebury, Connecticut.

HELPFUL HINT TO JUNIORS AND SOPHOMORES: School songs are the personification of the school spirit! Let's hear more than feeble squeals from your section when the *Hymn of Loyalty* is called for. Words may be easily obtained from any Senior.

STOP! LOOK! and SWING!

One of the bigger and better dances noted by your reporter on your "must go" list is the ultra-ultra Christmas formal to be presented by the Girls' Athletic Association. The big occasion will be Dec. 29, and with Dorothy Frances as chairman, you can all be assured of a "Win"—ning time. And, oh yes, dancing and such to the twinkling tunes of Harry Stinson. So let's give the old gym a pleasant surprise and all give a boost to help the cause along. Don't forget, students, *you* asked for social activities and *you* are the ones to be benefited by them. We're doing our part—now, it's up to you to grab your partner and get in the groove!



Interesting Facts About L. H. S. and Alumni

(Partially taken from 1915 Alumni Issue of "The Voice")

George Kariotis, '40

Mary Lawrence, '40

1. The name of the first L. H. S. magazine was "The Pioneer".

2. In 1833 a corporation was formed by a group of public-minded citizens to establish and house Falmouth Academy. The building was rented to the principal by the corporation, and the parents of the pupils paid the tuition to him.

3. Shubael Lawrence of East Falmouth left a legacy to the school, which became Lawrence Academy, and this legacy gave the teachers a fixed income. Then Professor Lucian Hunt, who had an insufferable dislike for mathematics, became principal and he hired an assistant, Seba Holton, to teach "math" so that he could escape from doing so.

4. In 1891 the town bought Lawrence Academy and made it a high school. Four years later the new Lawrence High School was built.

5. Once, when the High School bought bright, new wooden desks, an unfortunate boy promptly carved his name on the cover—and was just as promptly expelled! Another lad had to hire a carpenter to refinish his desk-cover upon which he had displayed his artistic ability.

6. The class of 1892 was the first to have a uniformed baseball team. This class was also responsible for the formation of the first debating club, which was called the Lyceum League.

7. The school as a body used to attend the town meetings.

8. The class of 1904 went to New Bedford to have their pictures taken.

9. During the early part of this century, the botany classes took exploring expeditions around Shiverick's Pond.

10. It was also the custom for the *Juniors* to give the *Seniors* a yearly reception! Take notice, *Juniors*!

11. The class of 1909 was the first to take the trip to Washington, D. C. Twelve students

and four teachers made the trip. On the boat to New York, they were awakened about midnight by a shout from one of the crew, who informed them that the boat was damaged. However, it proved to be nothing serious, and they were towed by a tug back to Newport, where they continued their trip by train. The chaperons were extremely strict (the "youngsters" had to be in by 9 P. M.). On the way back, the chaperon with the tickets got on the wrong train, but was finally found.

12. Last year's Lawrencian Editor-in-Chief, Eleanor Irish, is continuing her journalistic career at Suffolk University.

13. The engagement of Miss Doris Fralic, teacher at the Henry W. Hall School to Mr. Everett Handy, L. H. S. '21 and the Hall School principal, was recently announced.

14. Ted Sheehan, L. H. S. '34, has been elected president of the Senior Class at Tufts. He has been president of his class for four consecutive years.

15. Barbara Alberts, L. H. S. '36, is now stenographer for Mrs. Fulton Oursler, the author.

16. The name of Helen McKenzie, L. H. S. '36, has been placed in the "Who's Who" of college students in the United States for her outstanding work at Seton Hill College.

17. John Nickerson, L. H. S. '38, has received his Freshman football letter at the University of Michigan.

18. Elwood Mills, L. H. S. '39, has received his Freshman football letter at St. Anselm's College.

19. Eugene Young, '39, and George DeMello, '38, have received their Varsity letters for football at Worcester Academy.

20. Eugene Lawrence, L. H. S. '37, has again been placed on the first Dean's List at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Alumni Statistics

CLASS OF 1939

35 PERCENT ARE AT INSTITUTIONS OF HIGHER LEARNING

Lawrence Antonellis—Harvard University.
Barbara Berg—Bridgewater State Teachers' College.
Frances Cahoon—Bryant College.
Hartley Cassidy—University of Alabama.
Hope Cotter—Burdett Business College.
Willard Denny—Admiral Farragut Academy.
Mary Ferreira—Kenyon Business School.
James Hall—University of Colorado.
Anne Hart—Modern School of Art.
Annetta Hubbard—Bryant College.
Eleanor Irish—Suffolk University, School of
Journalism.
Bernard Issokson—Massachusetts School of
Optometry.
Bradley Jones—U. S. Army Air Corps.
Anita LaBonte—Cape Cod Secretarial School.
Geoffrey Lehy—U. S. Army Air Corps.
Ralph Long—Tufts College.
Robert McDonald—St. Michael's College.
Anne McKenzie—Seton Hill College.
Elwood Mills—St. Anselm's College.
Joseph Miskell—Dartmouth College.
Jean Morrison—University of New Hampshire.
Alis Parker—Hyannis State Teachers' College.
George Stevenson—Nantucket Training Ship.
Phyllis Studley—Bridgewater State Teachers' College.
John Tait—Hyannis State Teachers' College.
Kathleen Vallis—Chamberline Secretarial School.
Eugene Young—Worcester Academy.

31 PERCENT ARE WORKING

Henry Borden	Muriel Robertson
Mary Cobb	Arthur Robichaud
John Corey	Pauline Roderiques
Joseph Costa	John Silva
Gertrude Crocker	Joseph Spooner
Theodore Economides	Elmer Sylvia
George Freeman	George Sylvia
Christine McAdams	Elmore Thrasher
Charles Parker	Anthony Vidal
Albert Perry	Winifred Weeks
Edward Perry	Elmer White
Olive Peterson	Virginia Wilde

MARRIED OR ENGAGED

(Married)	(Engaged)
Catherine Ferreira	Charlotte Hubbard

AT HOME

George Cassick	Neota Peters
Elva Clark	Harry Richardson
Julia Fernandes	Lois Robinson
Lillian Ficus	Bernardine Sabens
Lorraine Gaynor	Betsy Studley
Gertrude Grew	Angelina Veiga
Adwilda Judd	Antone Vieira
Lillian Motta	Barbara Welch

MOVED

Elizabeth Hulten	Robert Wilson
(to North Carolina)	(to Connecticut)

POST GRADUATES

Sarah Franco	Margaret Medeiros
Mildred Green	Ralph Sanderson
Virginia Hall	Ernest Upton

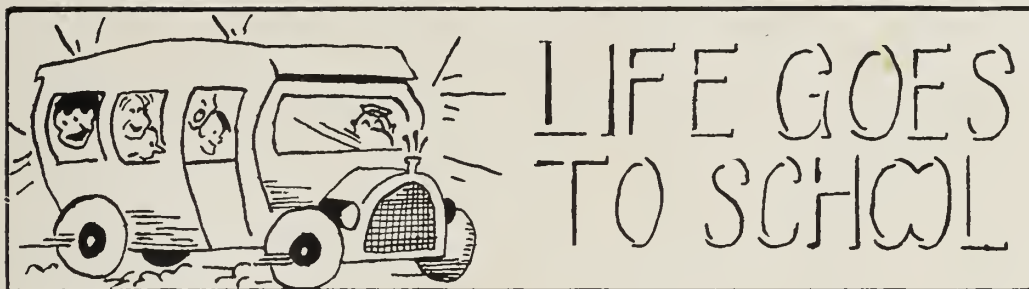
CLASS OF 1936

15 PERCENT ARE AT INSTITUTIONS OF HIGHER LEARNING

Leonard Costa—Providence College.
Dorothy Davis—Bates University.
Mary Goffin—Seton Hill College.
Otis Hunt—Brown University.
Robert Griffin—Brown University.
Jeannette McDonald—Mass. General Hospital.
Helen McKenzie—Seton Hill College.
Willis Saulnier—Boston College.
Rae Simmons—Mass. General Hospital.

59 PERCENT ARE WORKING

Barbara Alberts	Lora Frye
Frances Baker	Roberta Goodhue
Ernita Booker	John Hastay
Austin Bowman	Louise Hicks
Marion Bowman	Marjorie Huxley
Cynthia Cahoon	Annetta Illgen
Robert Cardoza	Edward Josephs
John Cavanaugh	Eleanor Lewis
Marie Corey	John Martin
Elvira Costa	Ronald McLane
Harold Crocker	John Meuse
Joanna Cruz	Lewis Motta
Ronald Densmore	Miriam Mullen
Robert Douthart	William Mullen
Eugenia Fernandes	Harriet Schlepark
George Ferreira	Edna Simmons
Rita Ferreira	Eunice Sylvia
Mary Franco	Herbert Tyler



A Mid-Winter Night's Dream

Not by William Shakespeare

ACT FIRST

Scene I

The Main Room. 8:30 A. M.

Enter two students—Susie Senior and Josie Junior.

Susie: Gosh, I haven't finished my homework. Guess I stayed out too late last night. What time did you get in?

Josie: Early, but I saw a lot of interesting things though.

Susie: Such as—?

Josie: Well, I'll tell you. For one thing the "dancing boy" of the Senior class seems to be holding his own with "Soupy" even though the "Crimson Tide" has turned north.

Susie: You know Fat's car was still on Palmer Ave. when we went by. It must be wonderful!

Josie: It must be. (They stop to talk with two girls from Woods Hole — a blond and a brunette).

Susie: (to the brunette) Have you heard from Maine lately?

Brunette: Oh yes. He'll be home for Christmas before long.

Josie: (to the blonde) How's Maggie? I haven't seen him in ages.

Blonde: He's fine. But what do you want to see him for?

* * *

Scene II

(Here the author rolled over to the other side of the bed and the dream changed.)

Lawrencian Club.

Miss Arenovski, Miss Follansbee, and some members.

Pres. G. K.: Any old business?

Members: (No answer)

Pres. G. K.: Any new business?

Members: (No answer)

Miss A.: How many have your material all in?

Members: (No answer)

Miss F.: How about the other material?

Members: (No answer)

ACT SECOND

(Guess the author had better turn over; that dream wasn't so good.)

Thanksgiving weekend. The game. A crowd.

First Spectator: Look! There's Snooks!

Second Spectator: Where? Oh, I see him. And there's Bob McDonald, and Gene Young, and Jean Morrison. I wonder how they like school?

Cheer leaders: Fifteen rahs for the team! (Every one should join in this, for the boys really deserve a grand cheer, particularly the Senior boys who are playing their last game.)

First Spectator: Did you see Fat make that tackle?

Second Spectator: Yes. I guess the girl-friend with the braided hair doesn't need to worry about the boy-friend getting hurt.

First Spectator: Have you seen "Scatter-Brain" today?

Second Spectator: Yes, she's around. Say, have you noticed the color of her car, some of her clothes, and the boy-friend's hair? She certainly seems to be going in for "Red" lately!

First Spectator: You said it! You know even with lots of the fellows back from colleges, the home boys appear to be doing pretty well.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

(A light breeze came up, blew the clouds away, leaving the moon shining brightly and the dreaming better than ever.)

The Victory Dance.

A crowd including Susie and Josie.

Susie: How do you like that big football?

Josie: Looks pretty good, particularly the score.

This is turning out to be a REAL victory dance.

Susie: Have you noticed any new fashions tonight?

Josie: Well, there are some old ones and plenty of new ones. Polly seems to be wearing last year's beau and the cute little red-haired senior still has the dark-haired lad who has almost become a classic fashion with her.

Susie: Say, have you noticed how that Dartmouth invasion rather irked some of the local boys?

Josie: Yes, but take a look now. "All's well that ends well."

Susie: Connie appears to be remaining true to Worcester Academy.

Susie: Guess so. Here comes the army ALONE. He must be looking for his Miss America.

Susie: One, two, three, say, how many football players has Ginny had this year? There was the backfield and it's the line. Left tackle to be exact.

Josie: By the way, where's Lanky? Don't you think the football captain should be here?

Susie: Yes. Maybe he couldn't get here or maybe it's the blonde.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

(The moon went in just then and in the dull light, the dreams turned back to school.)

The Main Room during a study period.

A group of students including Sophie and Sally Sophomore.

Sally: Look at all those glances from the boy's side. Eleanor has all the other sophomore girls worried since she cut her hair.

Sophie: Yes, but that red haired Brown girl does pretty well, particularly where a blond violinist is concerned.

Sally: Music certainly is wonderful! Look how well those two trumpet playing sweethearts get along.

* * *

Scene II

(Mr. Allen's Room—After Thanksgiving holidays. Two students are talking—Lawyer's daughter and Petite Miss.)

Lawyer's daughter: I didn't see J. J. at the football game in Barnstable. How come?

Petite Miss: It was Thanksgiving, so he couldn't come, but I got a nice long letter Saturday.

Lawyer's daughter: He's almost as good-looking as my football hero.

Petite Miss: Hero worship—eh? Say, Ruth said Morrill came up last night. Maybe that's why Allen didn't call. I guess he needs "Morrill" support.

Lawyer's daughter: Ohhh! Your puns are as bad as a certain quarterback's! (Enter Quarterback) Speak of the devil! Hi, What's new?

Quarterback: Nothing much! Win and Diz have made up again—Lefty had a Frenchman—Bud went for Lillian in a big way—Slug and Pinky are rivals for Babe—Ed Studley's orchestra played—and I'm foot loose and fancy free!

Petite Miss and Lawyer's daughter: What! Again! ! !

ACT FIFTH

(At this point the alarm clock goes off! I perform my daily task of turning it off and after many twists and turns, I finally manage to settle down to dreaming again.)

A series of "fade-ins and fade-outs" clear up and I'm witnessing a scene in the main room after lunch. The Brotherhood is selling "all-day-suckers" and "Okey-Doke Crispy Fresh" popcorn.

In one corner of the Room Woods Hole meets en masse!

Soph. blonde: Ronnie was sick last night, but he sent this (Hands note to Senior)

Senior: I guess Pat's party was too much for for him. Wasn't it funny when Pat and Noggy—

Red-head: Heavens, I thought Jack would die! Gee, Mary you should hear his description of Lester yelling "Ben" when he comes to see you.

Mary: He does not!!! Wait 'till I get that Jack!

Soph. blonde: Alice has gone in for scientific research in a big way. Right now she's centering around the Hart.

Mary: Laugh! Girls! Laugh!

Senior: What did the kids mean by asking Dave—if you see more and more of a person was it considered Mohr?

All: Dumb Senior!!!

(Persistent calling on mother's part completely awakens me to another day—another test—another mark!!!)

SPORTS



MIXER and COREY 1940 CO-CAPTAINS ALL-OPPONENT TEAM ANNOUNCED

ALL-OPPONENT TEAM

L. E.—Chase, Barnstable
L. T.—Capt. Drew, Barnstable
L. G.—Stanley, Middleboro
C.—Capt. Chace, Dartmouth
R. G.—Victor Robello, Barnstable
R. T.—Russell, Middleboro
R. E.—Parrott, Bourne
Q. B.—Capt. Tom Young, Bourne
L. H. B.—Capt. Harrison, Middleboro
R. H. B.—Walsh, Barnstable
F. B.—Allietta, Bourne

Honorable Mention: King, Holy Family, l. e.; Yarusites, Middleboro, r. e.; Tamagini, Wareham, l. t.; Grenier, Holy Family, r. t.; Magri, Middleboro, l. g.; Long, Barnstable, l. g.; Milliken, Bourne, l. g.; Bassett, Barnstable, r. g.; Bessom, Mansfield, c.; Montiero, Barnstable, l. h. b.; Robello, Barnstable, f. b.; MacAuley, Middleboro, l. h. b.; White, Dartmouth, r. h. b.; Loan, Holy Family, q. b.; Swain, Nantucket, f. b.; Washburn, Wareham, f. b.

For the first time, the Lawrencian has picked an all-opponent football team, selected from the players who opposed Lawrence High this past season. The choice of these players was made after careful consideration and consultation with Coaches Fuller and Frank and the L. H. S. football team. Their selection is based not upon their season's performance, but upon their performances against L. H. S.

Four teams are represented, with Barnstable copping four positions.
(Continued on page 27)

MIXER AND COREY ELECTED CO-CAPTAINS

For the first time in the history of the school, the football squad elected co-captains to lead the L. H. S. 1940 team. George Mixer, veteran tackle, and John Corey, experienced fullback, were jointly honored by their teammates in the election. The 1940 edition of the Crimson Tide will boast only Mixer, Corey, Lino, and Green as veteran material.

ROTARY CLUB ENTERTAINS FOOTBALL SQUAD

AT ANNUAL BANQUET

The football squad were guests of the Falmouth Rotary Club at their annual football banquet held on Tuesday evening, December 12. The selection of George Mixer and John Corey as co-captains for next season was announced following an election held prior to the banquet.

Faculty guests, Lewis B. Robinson, faculty manager, Henry Frank, assistant coach, and Elmer E. Fuller, head coach, made brief comments on the successful season. The guest speaker, John R. Peterson, told of his experience as fullback for University of Southern California team.

Six reels of football films were also shown. It marked the last official gesture of the 1939 team.

BARNSTABLE GIRLS TROUNCE FALMOUTH

November 8. Displaying a fast-clipping offensive attack and an equally strong defense, the Barnstable field-hockey eleven blasted its way to an easy 5-0 triumph over a plucky but inexperienced Falmouth team.

The Falmouth girls threatened often, but lacked the necessary scoring punch. Center forward McIntyre was outstanding for the victors with two goals, while Falmouth performed as a unit.

RED AND WHITE AGAIN TOPS FALMOUTH

November 13. Held to a one point lead during the first half of the contest, the Barnstable stick-wielders crashed through the Maroon defense to register four tallies in the last half of a well-fought battle at the Falmouth field.

As in the previous game, the home team's forward wall often battered its way deep into Barnstable territory, but wilted when it reached the goal line.

McIntyre again captured scoring honors for Barnstable with three points, while there was no individual Falmouth star.

YARMOUTH SWAMPS L. H. S. Green and White Piles Up 7 Points

A fast Yarmouth field-hockey team clearly outclassed an impotent Falmouth eleven in ringing up a decisive 7-0 victory in the last game of Falmouth's short season.

Squad Loses Eight Veterans



Columbus Day Game

PIGSKIN PARADE

The L. H. S. record of 6 wins, 2 losses, and a tie should surprise many . . . especially a certain departed local newspaper scribe . . . he of the bull-rushes . . . his prediction was 2 or 3 wins . . . biggest surprise of all was Turkey Day decision over Barnstable . . . this year's eleven was low-scoring . . . only 80 points in 9 games compared with 146 in 7 games last season . . . on the whole was less effective than last year's team . . . however, was termed Cape Champs by a certain Cape daily . . . Capt. Soule at tackle, Fat Turner at center, and Jimmy Wright in the backfield were unanimous All-Cape selections . . . the local weekly also picked Green and Soderland as utility men and Barry as guard on their All-Cape version . . . Lino, Corey, and Cavanaugh placed on the second team . . . Our nomination for tops in Falmouth athletic supporters are Sam Cahoon and Al Leonard . . . their presence and fine spirit at all games lent moral support to the team . . . next year's team should be a high-scoring aggressive outfit with an abundance of fine backs . . . Mixer, the only line veteran should be ably-supported by MacQuarrie, Weeks, Marks, Cohen, Cardeiro, Servis, Collins, and Whittemore . . . still, the line doesn't look as strong as this year's . . . the array of backs includes Green, Corey, Lino, Pena, Medeiros, and a newcomer named Paltz . . . superior to this season's rear guard . . . with reinforcements from the Junior High ranks, and the expected improvement from the experienced undergraduate veterans, the Crimson Tide should again roll over Cape Cod!

Richard Barry, '40.

Stanley Burgess, Mgr., '40

On the squad this year there were ten seniors. Those sterling players kept L. H. S. constantly in the ball game. They served also as a steadying influence on the younger and less experienced sophs and juniors. They kept the morale of the team up and Captain Soule's fiery, inspirational leadership was a thing to be marveled at. Now at mid-December, when these ten stalwarts have sung their swan song, let us endeavor to say a few words about them.

Captain Inman Soule, a fiery, dynamic leader, is a very polished tackle. "Lanky" was a letterman for three years and his play during these three years was one of the reasons that L. H. S. was at the top or near the top in ranking. His fine sportsmanship, coupled with his natural ability, stamp him as a player any coach would delight in having on his squad.

"Fat" Turner, a veteran of three years of high school football, really found himself this past season. Elwyn was inclined to be a little lazy and much too carefree to be a star in his soph and junior year. This past season, however, he was a flowing, "raring" gridster, with plenty of football savvy. His tackling was hard and sharp and his passes from center were all true to the man. His mighty toe propelled the ball down the field in kick-offs with plenty of height and distance. "Slicks" was also a definite menace to players with forward pass intentions. In six out of nine games, he intercepted at least one pass. Possessing a great build for a seventeen year old lad, he really put it to use this past season.

James Wright took over the quarterbacking duties vacated by "Chink" Parker and did a very good job for a newcomer to the position. On numerous occasions this past season, Jim's field generalship was marveled at by side-line quarterbacks. Possessing a great passing arm and an equally great kicking foot, he was a standout in every game this year. His running surprised many this fall, because they never

(Continued on page 27)



DRIBBLES

Well, basketball's here again . . . last year's Cape Champs, the Crimson, willed only one regular to this year's aggregation . . . of course, J. B. Wright, flashy, high-scoring center . . . however, experienced talent is abundant . . . Baker, Breivogel, Collins, Crane, Soule, and Barry of last year's seconds . . . and Hatch, a dead-shot artist beset with an ankle injury last year . . . so far, only Cape teams scheduled . . . home and homers with Barnstable, Sandwich, Wareham, Bourne, and Edgartown . . . possibly one or two games with Fairhaven . . . also games with Falmouth Community Center, Falmouth Giants, Battery G., and the Collegiates . . . being conservative, ye scribe predicts 10 wins, at least . . . that's really going out on a limb . . . with Wright and Soule at center, Breivogel, Hatch and Collins at forwards, and Crane, Baker, and Barry at guards, they open on December 15 against the Collegiates . . . advance reports say Mills, Corey, Costa, McDonald, Miskell, DeMello, etc., comprises the Collegiates . . . a formidable array . . . the game should be a toss-up . . . we'll again go out on a limb . . . predicting the first of their 10 victories for Capt. Jimmy Wright and the Crimson-clad quintet . . . score, 38-35.

Richard Barry.



Quarterback Jim Wright in Action

ALL-OPPONENT TEAM

(Continued from page 25)

Bourne, three; Middleboro, three; and Dartmouth, one. Four captains are also represented in this aggregation, the choice of which was fairly unanimous.

Ends: Parrott of Bourne and Chase of Barnstable. These two players stood head and shoulders above the ends who opposed the Crimson, both in fine defensive work and pass-snaring ability. The lack of good ends made this choice practically unanimous.

Tackles: Capt. Drew of Barnstable and Russell of Middleboro. The selection of Capt. Drew was a unanimous one, but the other tackle post required deliberation. Russell, a powerhouse in the strong Middleboro line, was chosen over his teammates Magri and Grenier of Holy Family.

Guards: Stanley of Middleboro and Robello of Barnstable. Here again, Barnstable and Middleboro dominate the line posts. Robello's fine defensive work earns him the choice, while Stanley was a standout performer in the Middleboro line.

Center: Capt. Chace of Dartmouth. This selection narrowed down to Chace of Dartmouth and Bessom of Mansfield. Both stars in a weak line, Chace was chosen not because he was a better center than Bessom, but because of his great performance in opening holes for his teammate, White.

Quarterback: Tom Young of Bourne. This selection was another unanimous one. Young, his performance against L. H. S. somewhat hampered by a shoulder injury, nevertheless tossed a touchdown aerial and received another for a score. His field-generalship was also of the highest calibre.

Left Halfback: Capt. Bart Harrison of Middleboro. Harrison's choice was well-deserved, as his performance in Middleboro's 7-0 triumph over L. H. S. indicates. He shattered the Crimson line, and excepting Allietta, was the hardest plunger L. H. S. met.

Right Halfback: Walsh of Barnstable. There were two outstanding candidates for this post, Walsh, and his teammate Montiero. Montiero's season performance topped that of Walsh, but against L. H. S., Walsh dominated the Barnstable attack. His sweeping end

All-Cape Captain



Captain Inman Soule, named All-Cape Captain

runs were devastating, and he was the most effective of Barnstable backs.

Fullback: Allietta of Bourne. Here is our choice for the outstanding opponent of the year. His plunging against L. H. S. when he ripped the Crimson forward wall to shreds, was terrific. He tore off 120 yards against the Fullermen, and was the most effective running back the Crimson met.

Richard Barry.

FROM THE GIRLS' SIDE

Three cheers for Miss Buros . . . good coaching and plenty of fighting spirit shown by hockey team . . . "Never give up", motto of team . . . three successive defeats . . . better luck to next year's team! ! ! !

Whistle for basketball blown . . . in terclass tournament well on its way . . . fight between sophomores and seniors . . . party to be given to champions . . . basketball stars . . . forwards . . . "Shrimp McKenzie . . . Connie De-Mello . . . Jean Hall . . . Adeline Mills . . . Amelia Peters . . . Marguerite Lambert . . . Marion Mohr . . . guards . . . Dot Francis . . . Gill Williams . . . Rebecca Cahoon . . . outstanding hockey players . . . practice Tuesday and Thursday afternoons . . . games to be held in the afternoon . . . cheering section needed! ! ! !

EIGHT VETERAN LOSS

(Continued from page 26)

realized that Jim really could hustle with that leather. He is one of the most versatile athletes to matriculate at this institution for quite a while.

Big Bert Soderland was another reason why L. H. S. was so invulnerable in the middle. Playing on the varsity for the first time in three years of football, Bert displayed plenty of power and drive. In the Mansfield game, Bert beat the ends down on punts on two occasions. This is remarkable when you consider that Bert weighs 198 pounds and soars up to 6 ft. 3 in. The only fault with Bert, like his pal "Fat", is that he is inclined to be much too full of mischief. But nevertheless, his play all season stamped him as a stand-out guard and one that will be hard to replace.

At the other guard post was little 138 pound, sixteen year old Richard Barry. Possessing a very keen football mind, he more than made up for his lack of weight by his keen diagnosis of every play. Dick is the short blocky type of player, who can be used very well for the running guard position. Dick's keen, steady play the whole season was a vital factor in a very strong line. He played a whale of a game in the Barnstable game (here) and in the Bourne contest. He led interference on all L. H. S. pass plays, and it is sufficient to say that not one L. H. S. pass was blocked this season.

Charles Turner played in the role of blocking back and utility end. His assignment was to block and he really did block! In the Barnstable and Dartmouth games, he took out two men at one time. He not only blocked in this game, but in every other contest he performed in, his blocking was his outstanding talent. Possessing a pretty sure pair of hands, he was at the end of a few successful pass plays. His tackling was sure and hard.

Although this was his first year of organized football, Phil Norris did very well for a first-year man. Not having much chance because of the brilliance of Captain Soule, he was used in the other tackle spot, a berth usually held by Co-Captain Mixer. His tackling was his dominant talent.

(Continued on page 28)

EIGHT VETERAN LOSS

(Continued from page 27)

Jim Cavanaugh, coming out for the first year at the request of Mr. Fuller, played good offensive ball all season. He was always a sure mark for a pass. His nice catch for a touchdown^{*} heave in the Mansfield game was the spark that ignited the whole team to great heights. Up to that time play was dull and slow due to the complicated shifts and double shifts of the Mansfield team. His tackling was good, but inferior to his offensive play. This is probably due to his lack of weight.

Milford Hatch, although very light, played right end most of the season. His play throughout the season was steady and at times brilliant. He possessed a great pair of hands which he frequently used to good advantage.

Clayton Collins, a quiet, studious boy, played the left flank position throughout the season. He, by playing basketball, cultivated a nice pair of hands, which he used to good advantage on the end-around plays, and forward-pass plays. His best performance was the Wareham clash in which he played a bang-up defensive game.

L. H. S. PUZZLER ANSWERS

(From page 33)

<i>Horizontal</i>	40. D. B.
1. M	41. Babe
2. Jack	42. Lo
5. P	43. Ly
6. Pa.	44. E.
8. Amos	
9. A. A.	<i>Vertical</i>
12. bone	1. Mary
13. un	2. jab
14. Ty	3. amoeba
15. en	4. Connie
17. alibis	5. Paul
21. era	6. Pat
23. oot	10. Ann
25. N. R.	17. Arthur
26. H. A.	18. lavabo
27. I. R.	19. Bonita
28. Hub	20. Norris
31. Tim	29. Aerial
32. Roberta's	30. Crosby
34. to	32. Robby
37. Abe	33. Soule
38. I. S.	34. Tad
39. Bud	36. ado

1940 FOOTBALL PROLOGUE

Prospects for next year's Crimson Tide, which may be a tidal wave or a ripple on the gridiron waters, are fairly bright. Though only Co-Capt. Mixer returns to reman the forward wall, veteran backs, Co-Capt. Corey, Green, Lino, and Pena will be available. The line replacements, though green, show enough latent power to combine with the veteran backfield and enable the Crimson Tide to roll over Cape Cod for the sixth successive year.

The candidates for next year's eleven are:

Ends: From available sources, we find only three end applicants, Cardeiro, Whittemore, and newcomer Williams, to replace Collins, Hatch, and Cavanaugh. Cardeiro, the most seasoned of the trio, is a steady defensive player, but apparently needs more pass-snaring experience. Whittemore is green and light, but with a season's experience under his belt, may develop. Of Williams, little is known, except that he's tough and aggressive. Medeiros, a quarterback, may be shifted to end, where he played at times this season with flashes of brilliance.

Tackles: Here we find the potential strong point in next year's line. Co-Capt. Mixer, Red MacQuarrie, and Chet Weeks, all with two seasons' experience, return to replace the departed Capt. Soule. Mixer, who played rather indifferently this season should be great next year. MacQuarrie, shelved in mid-season by marks, is heavy and a hard tackler, and lacks only aggressiveness to become a star. Potentially good enough to oust either, Chet Weeks makes up for his lightness with his determined fight.

Guards: Abie Cohen, Frank Marks, and Servis return to the fold next year as guards, to replace Soderland and Barry. Cohen is big, hard-hitting, and above all, a hustler. He should fill one position. Aggressive beyond his size, Frank Marks, the little torpedo, probably displayed the most fight on this year's squad. Well-seasoned, he should clinch the other berth. Servis, the other candidate, will take over either position should the other two fail to meas-

ure up to standard.

Center: Returning to fill Fat Turner's post at center, are two third-year men, Buzzie Collins and Gordon Stewart. Collins is a bruising player and would have clinched the job this season from a less brilliant player than Fat. Stewart plays a hard game, and may be shifted to some other line post to enable him to show his stuff.

Quarterback: To replace Jim Wright, we believe Co-Capt. John Corey will be shifted from fullback to quarterback, a position he played while Wright was injured this fall. Should he not be shifted, Art Medeiros may fill the bill. Corey played brilliant ball this year, uncorking several long runs in addition to his line plunging efforts. Medeiros, though light, is an excellent climax runner. Whatever arrangement is made, this position will be ably manned.

Halfbacks: Only Charlie Turner is lost here, as veterans Gordon Green and George Lino return. Greene's ball-toting ranked with the best last year, and he should be "the back of the Cape" next year. Lino, the only triple-threat, though not sensational, will be the backbone of the backfield. On him will fall the passing and punting burden which he should ably bear.

Fullback: With Corey's shift to quarterback an almost certainty, Carlo Pena should assume the fullback duties. Pena, L. H. S.'s hardest plunger, should take over the plunging and blocking tasks of this berth. Another candidate who may step into any backfield berth, is Ray Paltz, the most highly-publicized player to enter high school since Elwood Mills. A speed demon, who punts well, Paltz should do much to strengthen the potentially powerful Crimson backfield.

Richard Barry, '40.





L. H. S. GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Left to right, first row: Jean Hall, Jean Wagner, Evangeline Tollio, Muriel Gediman, Charlotte McKenzie, Mary Fernandes.

Second row: Marguerite Lumbert, Constance DeMello, Virginia Rowe, Dorothy Frances, Miss Buross, coach, Marion Mohr, Irene Wright, Shirley Barrows, Norma Peterson.



L. H. S. FOOTBALL SQUAD

Left to right, first row: Milford Hatch, Capt. Inman Soule, Albert Soderland, Elwyn Turner, Richard Barry, George Mixer, Clayton Collins.

Second row: Manager Stanley Burgess, James Cavanaugh, Charles Turner, John Corey, James Wright, Carlo Pena, Gordon Green, George Lino, Assistant Manager John Mixer.

Third row: Coach Fuller, David Cassick, Richard Breivogel, Chester Paine, Gordon Stewart, Carleton Collins, Donald MacQuarrie, Chester Weeks, Phillip Norris, Assistant Coach Frank

Fourth row: Arthur Medeiros, Joseph Cardeiro, Everett Dunham, Harold Marks, David Whittemore, Milton Servis, Frank Marks.

Football — A Great Sport

Roberta Jones, '40

TO me there has always been a certain fascination about a football game that holds me spellbound from beginning to end. There is a tingling atmosphere of excitement, and a sensation of half-suppressed energy is prevalent. It is this same energy which fills the air with ear-splitting shrieks to urge a panting player over the goal line for a touchdown.

Being no accurate scorekeeper, I often find myself forced to nudge the nearest open-mouthed fan and inquire about the score, at which he will usually turn to stare at me as at something queer under a microscope, and echo blandly: "Score? Why—" At this juncture he will mumble some indistinct jabber, turn complacently away, and leave me in as bewildered a state as before.

Concerning cheers, I invariably find myself yelling the wrong thing at the wrong time, and cheering lustily when the opposing team scores a point. After receiving a barrage of withering glances from my fellow fans upon these occasions, I ceased to cheer altogether; but I then received so many disparaging remarks upon my lack of school spirit that my enthusiasm for the sport began to wane somewhat.

Another thing that bewilders me is the frequent mob migration from one end of the field to the other. In this matter, I endeavor to maintain a neutral stand, and usually find myself isolated in the middle and feeling extremely foolish.

Then there is always the ardent fan who knows every detail of every play and generously wishes everyone to share his knowledge. To make things worse, I, for some remote reason, am compelled to be the brunt of these enlightening remarks. Perhaps I have a kind face, but in this case appearances are certainly deceiving. Outwardly, I grin and bear it, but inwardly I seethe.

Taking everything into consideration, I often wonder why I even bother to attend football games at all, but each recurring game will find yours truly peeping intelligently (I fondly hope) from the rank and file, surrounded by ardent enthusiasts, and trying hard not to look like a sourpuss. Here's to football—it's a great sport, if you can take it!

1939 FOOTBALL STATISTICS

Richard Barry, '40

	Lawrence High	Opponents
First Downs	74	60
Total Gain	1425	1123
Yards Gained Rushing	1285	950
Yards Lost Rushing	171	150
Net Gain Rushing	1114	800
Forward Passes	66	161
Passes Completed	23	21
Passes Intercepted By	18	11
Yards Gained Passing	311	323
Ave. Distance of Kicks	34 1-2	29 1-3
Fumbles	32	17
Own Fumbles Recovered	19	3

SEASONAL RECORD

L. H. S.	0	Middleboro	7
L. H. S.	13	Holy Family	0
L. H. S.	0	Barnstable	0
L. H. S.	20	Nantucket	0
L. H. S.	0	Bourne	13
L. H. S.	12	Mansfield	0
L. H. S.	8	Wareham	0
L. H. S.	13	Dartmouth	0
L. H. S.	14	Barnstable	6
	80		26
Average Score	9-3		

SCORING

	Points
Wright—4 T. D., 2 Pts.	26
Greene—3 T. D., 1 Pt.	19
Corey—3 T. D.	18
Cavanaugh—1 T. D.	6
Pena—1 T. D.	6
E. Turner—1 Safety	2
Medeiros—2 Pts.	2
C. Turner—1 Pt.	1

ROOF-RAISING RALLY

A spirited afternoon rally was held on the day preceding the annual Falmouth-Barnstable Thanksgiving game. Energetic cheers shook the rafters of the crowded main room, and every voice joined in the "Hymn of Loyalty" to Lawrence High.

Football Resume'

Richard Barry, 40

MIDDLEBORO 7; L. H. S. 0

Overcome by the brilliant running of Capt. Bart Harrison and MacAuley and the power of a veteran line, the L. H. S. Crimson dropped its season opener to Middleboro, 7-0. The defeat, climaxed by the fourth period plunge of Harrison into pay dirt territory, was the fourth in five years for L. H. S. The green line showed possibilities as the somewhat latent Crimson attack was featured by the play of veteran Wright and newcomer Green.

* * *

L. H. S. 13; HOLY FAMILY 0

Unleashing their power for the first time this season, L. H. S. gained its initial win at the expense of the Holy Family Parochials by a score of 13-0. Completely throttling their foes who displayed a very weak attack, the Crimson gained their decisive victory in which a great deal of improvement was shown.

* * *

L. H. S. 0; BARNSTABLE 0

In a game featured by the defensive play of both teams, the Crimson of L. H. S. battled their highly-favored, traditional rivals, Barnstable, to the first scoreless tie on Columbus Day in the history of their rivalry. Led by Capt. Soule, the L. H. S. forward wall outplayed their stubborn rivals in gaining this moral victory. The steady improvement which featured the season's play, was dominant as Walsh of Barnstable and Wright of L. H. S. featured the offensive play.

* * *

L. H. S. 20; NANTUCKET 0

Crushing their weaker and less experienced foes, the L. H. S. Crimson rolled up their highest score of the season in defeating Nantucket, 20-0. The Islanders, who showed marked improvement over last season, offered little resistance as the Lawrencians' ground attack clicked. The game marked the loss of Jimmy Wright, backfield ace, as the result of a broken wrist suffered in the Barnstable clash.

* * *

BOURNE 13; L. H. S. 0

Featuring a strong, balanced attack, the purple of Bourne gave L. H. S. its second setback of the season in a hard-fought battle, 13-0. Both Bourne tallies came on passes after being set up by the plunging Joe Allietta, the Canal Town fullback. The superior lineplay of the Fullermen couldn't cope with the inspired Bourne aerial bombs hurled by Tom Young. It was the low point of the season, after which a four-game winning streak started.

L. H. S. 12; MANSFIELD 0

Bouncing back from the Bourne defeat, the L. H. S. Crimson showed class in defeating Mansfield, a Class C team, by a score of 12-0. The passing attack and pass defense showed much improvement, as the line play was somewhat hampered by a muddy gridiron.

* * *

L. H. S. 8; WAREHAM 0

In a hard, rough contest which saw the return of their ace field-general, Jimmy Wright, the Crimson of L. H. S. defeated Wareham, 8-0. The scoring, somewhat hampered by the roughness of play, was featured by center "Fat" Turner of the Crimson who blocked a Wareham punt for a safety. It marked another mild upset for the Crimson who entered the contest on the short end of the betting odds.

* * *

L. H. S. 13; DARTMOUTH 0

As the aerial combination of Lino to Wright was at its season's best, the L. H. S. Crimsonites topped another Class C opponent, Dartmouth, by a 13-0 count. The determined play of the line led by Capt. Inman Soule and "Fat" Turner, coupled with the potent passing attack, made possible this victory despite the fine plunging of White of Dartmouth.

* * *

L. H. S. 14; BARNSTABLE 6

With seniors Wright, Charlie Turner, Kavanaugh, Hatch, Collins, Capt. Soule, Soderland, Barry, and "Fat" Turner brilliantly closed their high school gridiron careers, L. H. S. gained its most coveted victory of the season as it upset a highly-favored Barnstable eleven, 14-6. The Crimson-clad warriors functioned perfectly to strike twice and spring its biggest upset of the season. Corey tallied for the Fullermen in the first half, and despite a touchdown by the Big Red of Barnstable, the Crimson led 7-6 at half-time. A third period venture into scoring territory clinched the verdict for L. H. S., much to the amazement of the 3,000 spectators. The eleven closed this season of surprises with the biggest surprise of all—a coveted win over their rival, Barnstable.





Shirley Barrows, '40

GREETINGS to our exchanges—old and new. We are anxious to hear your criticisms of our magazine.

The Dial—Brattleboro High School, Brattleboro, Vermont.

We admired your excellent block prints, and were greatly amused by your "Krazy Quizzets."

The Bangor Slate—Bangor High School, Bangor, Pa.

Your news articles are good, but you could use some original humor to advantage.

The Botolphian—Boston College High School, Boston, Mass.

An excellent literary section and good original humor help to make your magazine superior.

The Drury Academe—Drury High School, North Adams, Mass.

Your French articles are very good, and "Corridor Comments" are interesting.

The Regis—Regis High School, New York, N. Y.

As a literary magazine yours heads the list, and your editorials show thought. There is an absolute lack of original humor, however.

Arena—Cansius High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Around the Arena" is very interesting and helps immensely in showing strangers the individuality of your school.

Lasell Leaves—Lasell Junior College, Auburndale, Mass.

We consider your literary section a very good one, but think that you denote too much space to "Personals."

Conradian—Henry C. Conrad High School, Woodcrest, Del.

We enjoyed your book reviews and candid camera shots very much.

Here are some new exchanges to which we are looking forward with great pleasure.

Gazette—Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.

Owl—Middletown High School, Middletown, N. Y.

Student—Freeport High School, Berlin, N. H.

Weather-vane—Westfield Senior High School, Westfield, N. J.

Lookout—Derby High School, Derby, Conn.

Crisp—Caesar Rodney High School, Wyoming-Camden, Del.

Crusader—Holland Patent Central School, Holland Patent, N. Y.

YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT—

The students of Drury High School in North Adams have a Freshman Reception at the beginning of every school year.

Moving pictures are taken of each individual senior class member in Claymont, Delaware. Each member of the class has a solo part, and thus leaves a permanent record of their activities and personalities in the school.

Brattleboro High School of Vermont has an annual rope pull—whatever that might be. Maybe they could enlighten us.

At the Henry C. Conrad High School in Woodcrest, Del., the girl who is outstanding in character and sports is awarded a silver cup.

FROM THE DIAL—"KRAZY QUIZZETS"

Q. Why aren't there more lights in the corridors?

Ans. The brilliancy of the Seniors makes it unnecessary.

Q. Why are the desks placed in a straight row?

Ans. To avoid anything crooked.

Q. Why don't we have curtains at school?

Ans. They prevent light from being thrown on our studies.

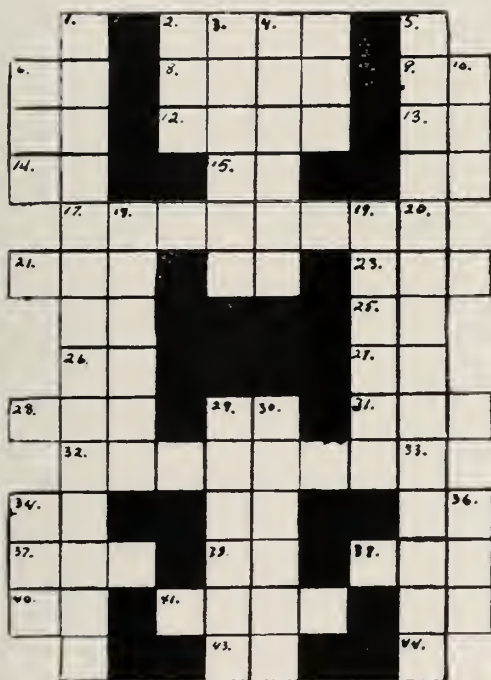
Q. What is the easiest way to get through High School?

Ans. Go in one door and out the other.

Q. What is the strange odor that comes from the Latin rooms?

Ans. It's the dead language in there.

L. H. S. Puzzler

Jeannette Hurford, '40

HORIZONTAL

1. A famous movie of a few years ago, starring Peter Lorre as a criminal.
2. That bustling business manager of the Senior class.
5. The most dreaded thing on a report card.
6. Abbreviation for Pennsylvania.
8. His best pal is that Black Andy.
9. Booth Tarkington's most noted novel. (init.)
12. A dog's most precious morsel.
13. French for a or an. (m.)
14. A famous baseball player of recent years.
15. French for in.
17. What some boys always have on hand when their homework is not complete.
21. Period of time.
23. Scotch for "hoot".
25. Muriel's little sister. (init.)
26. The initials of our language instructor.
27. A tall, dark typist of the Senior business class. (init.)
28. The Bay State's home of baked beans.
31. Dickens's child character in "A Christmas Carol".
32. Her school news will interest you this year. (p.)
34. A preposition.
37. His last name is Cohen.
38. Last year's marshal. (init.)
39. He owns the most attractive hair in the Senior class.
40. One of the Heavenly Twins. (init.)
41. She still hangs on to her "Bud".
42. Behold! See.
43. Suffix meaning like.
44. Highest mark attainable on a report card.

VERTICAL

1. Queen of the Coronet.
2. To thrust quickly at.
3. A one-celled animal.
4. One of our star athletes. (f.)
5. The little Frenchman whose heart belongs to Muriel.
6. A popular cheer leader.
10. Didn't you know she has a twin brother?
17. He has about the curliest hair of any Senior.
18. French for wash-stand.
19. Charlie's best girl.
20. The Sheik of Jericho Path.
29. An antenna.
30. Mixer's just wild about her!
32. Any Robert might be called this. (Perhaps Simmons.)
33. He's popular with the girls and famous for his football standing.
34. One of Lincoln's sons.
36. Stir; fuss.

(Key will be found on Page 28)

Going To School

John Lawrence, '42

Lawrence High—
Back to school.
Study wisely,
Do not fool.

Be polite
(Unwritten rule);
Let your brains
Be your tool.

Work hard,
Do your best;
Come out on top
With the rest.

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